The Two-Penny Marriage.

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married."

"Want to be married—what for?"

"Why, you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to-day, and you see—"

"Yes, yes, I see you have been talking over the matter, over the bottle, and have come to a sort of drunken conclusion to get married. When you get sober you will both repent of it probably."

"No, sir, we are not very drunk now; not so drunk but what we can think, and we don't think we are doing right—we are not doing as we were brought up to do by our pious parents. We have been reading about the good things you have done for just such poor outcasts as we are, and we want you to try and do something for us."

"Read! Can you read? Do you read the Bible?"

"Well, not much lately; but we read the newspapers, and sometimes we read something good in them. How can we read the Bible when we are drunk?"

"Do you think getting married will keep you from getting drunk?"

"Yes, for we are going to take the pledge, too, and we shall keep it, depend upon that."

"Suppose you take the pledge and try that first, and if you can keep it till you can wash some of the dirt away, and get some clothes on, then I will marry you."

"No: that won't do. I will get to thinking what a poor, dirty, miserable wretch I am, and how I am living with this woman, who is not a bad woman by nature, and then I will drink, and then she will drink—oh, cursed rum!—and what is to prevent us? But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease, my wife would say, 'Thomas,'—she would not say, 'Tom,—you dirty brute, don't be tempted;' and who knows but what we may be somebody yet—somebody that our own mothers would nor be ashamed of."

Here the woman, who had been silent and rather moody, burst into a violent flood of tears, crying, "Mother! mother! I know not whether she is alive or not, and dare not enquire; but if we were married and reformed, I would make her happy once more."

"I could no longer withstand the appeal," said Mr. P., "and determined to give them a trial. I have married a good many poor, wretched-looking couples, but none that looked quite so much as this. The man was hatless and shoeless, without coat or vest, with long hair and beard grimed with dirt. He was by trade a bricklayer, one of the best in the city. She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old, very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments."

"And your name is Thomas—Thomas what?"

"Elting, sir. Thomas Elting, a good, true man; that is, shall be if you will marry us."

"Well, well. I am going to marry you."

"Are you! There, Mag, I told you so."

"Don't call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be by my right name, the one my mother gave me."

"Not Mag! Well, I never knew that."

"Now, Thomas, hold your tongue, you talk too much. What is your name?"

"Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes, I will, and I never will disgrace it. I don't think I should ever have been as bad if I had kept it. That bad woman who first tempted me to ruin, made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband. Matilda Fraley. Nobody knows me by that name in this bad city."

"Very well; Matilda and Thomas, take each other by the right hand, and look at me, for I am going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think you are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemnity."

"Yes, sir."

"Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery, filth and drunkenness. Thomas, will you take Matilda to be your lawful, true, only, wedded wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"You promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as in health, and nourish, protect and comfort her, as your true and faithful wife; that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, but clothe yourself and keep clean."

"So I will."

"Never mind answering until I get through. You promise to abstain from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman kindly, affectionately, and love her as a man should love his wedded wife. Now all of this, will you, here before me as the servant of the Most High—here in the sight of God in heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes, I will."

"And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same, and be a true wife to this man?"

"I will try, sir."

"But do you promise all this faithfully?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

"Now, Thomas," said the new wife, after I had made out the certificate and given it to her, with an injunction to keep it safely,—"now pay Mr. Pease, and let us go home and break the bottle."

Thomas felt first in the right hand pocket, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch-fob.

"Why, where is it?" says she, "you had two dollars this morning!"

"Yes, I know it, but I have only got two cents this evening. There, Mr. Pease, take them, it is all I have got in the world; what more can I give?"

Sure enough, what could he do more? I took them and prayed over them, that in parting with the last penny, this couple might have parted with a vice, a wicked, foolish practice which had reduced them to such a degree of poverty and wretchedness, that the monster power of rum could hardly send its victims lower.

So Tom and Mag were transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Elting, and having become somewhat more sober while in the house, seemed to fully understand their new position, and all the obligations they had taken upon themselves.

For a few days I thought occasionally of this two-penny marriage, and then it became absorbed with a thousand other scenes of wretchedness which I have witnessed since I have lived in this center of city misery. Time wore on and I married many other happy couples—often those who came in their carriage, and left a golden marriage fee—a delicate way of giving to the needy—but among all I had never performed the rite for a couple quite so low as that of this two-penny fee, and I resolved I never would again. At length, however, I had a call for a full match to them, which I refused.

"Why do you come to me to be married, my friend?" said I to the man. You are both too poor to live together; and besides, you are both terrible drunkards, I know you are."

"That is just what we want to get married for, and take the pledge."

"Take that first."

"No, we must take all together, nothing else will save us."

"Will that?"

"It did one of my friends."

"Well, then, go and bring that friend here; let me hear and see how much it saved him, and then I will make up my mind what to do. If I can do any good I want to do it."

"My friend is at work—he has got a good job, and several hands working for him, and is making money, and won't quit till night. Shall I come this evening?"

"Yes, I will stay at home and wait for you."

I little expected to see him again, but about eight o'clock, the servant said, that that man and his girl, with a *gentleman and lady*, were waiting in the reception room. I told him to ask the lady and gentleman up to the parlor and sit for a moment, while I sent the candidates for marriage away, being determined never to unite another drunken couple, not dreaming that there was any sympathy between the parties. They would not come up; they wanted to see that couple married. So I went down and found the squalidly wretched pair in company with a well-dressed laboring man, for he wore a fine black coat, silk vest, gold watch-chain, clean white shirt and cravat, and polished calf-skin boots; and his wife was just as neatly and tidily dressed as anybody's wife, and her face beamed with intelligence, and the way she clung to the arm of her husband, as she seemed to shrink from my sight, told me that she was a loving as well as pretty wife.

"This couple," says the gentleman, "have come to be married."

"Yes, I know it, but I have refused. Look at them; do they look like fit subjects for such a holy ordinance? God never intended those whom he created in his own image should live in matrimony like this man and woman. I can not marry them.

"Cannot! Why not? You married us when we were worse off—more dirty—worse clothed—and more intoxicated." The woman shrunk back a little more out of sight. I saw she trembled violently, and put her clean cambric handkerchief up to her eyes.

What could it mean? Married them when they were worse off! Who were they?

"Have you forgotten us?" said the woman, taking my hands in hers, and dropping on her knees; "Have you forgotten Tom and Mag? We have not forgotten you, but pray for you every day!"

"If you have forgotten them, you have not forgotten the two-penny marriage. No wonder you did not know us. I told Matilda she need not be afraid, or ashamed, if you did not know her. But I knew you would not. How could you? We were in rags and dirt then. Look at us now. All your work, sir. All the blessings of that pledge, and that marriage, and that good advice, you gave us. Look at this suit of clothes and her dress. All Matilda's work, every stitch of it. Come, and look at our house, as neat as she is. Everything in it to make a comfortable home; and, O sir, there is a cradle in our bedroom. Five hundred dollars already in bank, and I shall add as much more next week when I finish my job. So much for one year of a sober life, and a faithful, honest, good wife. Now this man is as good a workman as I am, only he is bound down with the fetters of drunkenness, and living with this woman just as I did. Now, he think that he can reform just as well as me; but he thinks he must take the pledge of the same man, and have his first effort sanctified with the same blessing, and then, with a good resolution, and Matilda and me to watch over them, I do believe they will succeed."

So they did. So may others by the same means. I married them, and as I shook hands with Mr. Elting, at parting, he left two coins in my hand, with the simple remark that there was another two-penny marriage fee. I was in hopes that it might have been a couple of dollars this time, but I said nothing, and we parted with a mutual God bless you. When I went up stairs I tossed the coins into my wife's lap, with the remark—"Two pennies again, my dear."

"Two pennies! Why, husband, they are eagles—real golden eagles. What a deal of good they will do. What blessings followed that act."

And will follow the present, if the pledge is faithfully kept. Truly, this is a good result of a Two-Penny Marriage.—*New York Tribune.*

THE WOLF HUNT.—I once read about a wolf hunt. For a long time the wolf had depredated upon the community. Folds had been entered and sheep destroyed. He had been often hunted, but never caught. The work of ruin went on. One wintry day, two brothers were traveling homeward, they crossed track of the wolf. "Here I will camp," said one of the brothers. "You go back and bring food and we will never leave the track until we destroy the wolf. The brothers did so, and together they pursued the wolf until darkness set in, and then *camped on the track!* As the day-light appeared, th y again pursued their way always camping on the track where night overtook them. Thus early and late they pursued, and on the fourth day, overtook and destroyed him. So we did in Maine. Year after year we toiled, always camping on the track. At last we triumphed, and our State is rid of the great evil of intemperance. —*Hon. Neal Dow.*

Rules for Home Education.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1. From your child's earliest infancy, you must inculcate the necessity of instanto bedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them anything, unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the like circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow tale bearing.

Causes of Indigestion.

Doctor Wieting, when lecturing at the Brooklyn Institute, lately, described the manner in which persons destroy their stomachs, and produce indigestion and dyspepsia. A gentleman sits down to dinner, and partakes of a multitude of dishes, each seemingly prepared to coax the stomach to accept more than it can digest. Being completely loaded, it sets to work to agitate the heap, and put it through the process of digestion. The gentleman then starts for home, and sees some seductive looking apples on a stand, which he thinks he should like to eat. He purchases a few, and commences to gulp them down. "Hilloo!" says the stomach, looking up in alarm, "what are you about there? I have more work than I can attend to already." However, remonstrance is in vain, and, with a gripe or two, the stomach goes to work as before. The gentleman next meets with a friend; a glass of wine, a brandy smash, or some other liquid compound, is gulped down, aided by some tobacco fumes. Supplies are lowered into the stomach like bales of cotton into the hold of a Mississippi steamer, until the organ, wearied and overburdened, gives up in disgust, and leaves the mass to indigestion, dyspepsia, and its train of accompanying evils. Thus the harmony of the system is destroyed, which might have been prevented by a little prudence and self-denial.

There is a great principle at issue. It is this; whether sobriety or intemperance shall characterize this nation—whether bacchanalian revelry or thoughtfull dignity shall be witnessed in legislative halls—whether taxation shall be tolerated to support licensed dealers in liquid poison, and punish the crimes and relieve the distress of their victims, or to educate the children of the State and fill the whole land with smiling prosperity.

A TRUTH MADE.—"If you had avoided rum," said a wealthy, though not intelligent grocer to his intemperate neighbour, "your early habits, industry and intellectual abilities would now have permitted you to ride in your carriage."

"And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

The oldest pledge of temperance is found in the Bible, Jeremiah, chap. xxxv., and the words were spoken by the Rechabites: "We will drink no wine; we, nor our wives, nor sons, forever."